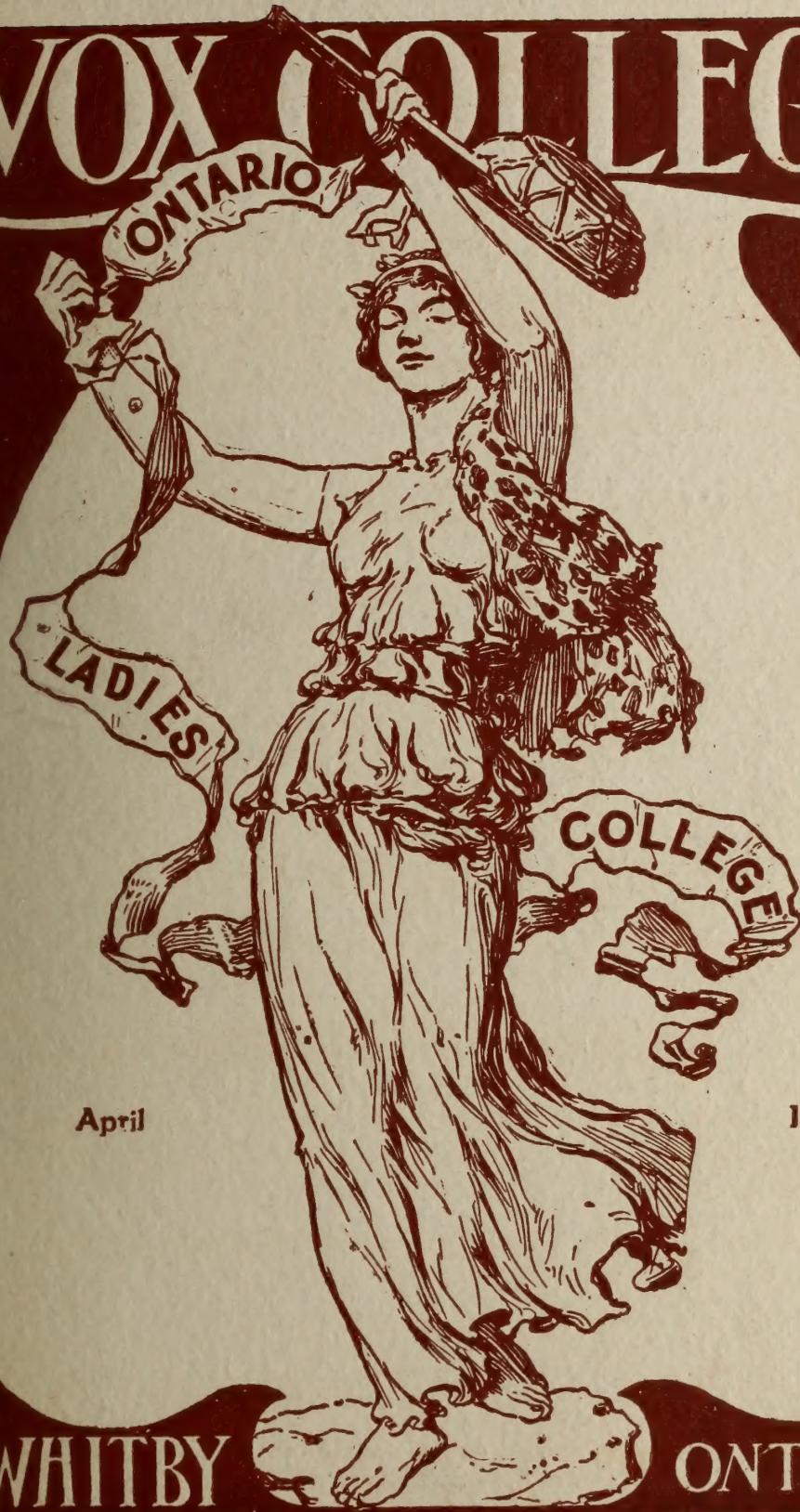


VOX COLLEGI



April

1913

WHITBY

ONTARIO

GERTRUDE A. BRITNELL,
95 SUMMER HILL AVE.,
TORONTO, ONT., CAN.

Vox Collegii

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"Forsan et haec clim meminisse iuvabit."

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A Continuation of Dr. Hare's Trip to the British Isles.

Leaving Cork our party went to Killarney, noted for its beautiful surrounding scenery. We stayed at one of the most homelike and comfortable hotels that we met in our entire trip. The artistic and well kept flower beds, the ornamental shrubs, the inviting walks through shady groves should make it a delightful place in which to spend a few weeks. During meal time an orchestra played for us some lively Irish jigs, which seemed to stir the limbs as well as the spirits of two of our party, who clasped hands and danced round the room in genuine Irish style. We chanced to visit the town on market day, and had the privilege of seeing scores of donkey carts occupied for the most part by three or four pigs. a few months old. Pat had taken great pains in washing his pigs, and in providing a clean litter of straw, so when he effected a sale all he had to do was to pick up a pig in his arms and carry it to its destination, and the pig was on such good terms with Pat that it made no resistance. A young friend from Tor-

onto visited the market with me, and thinking I would like to carry away a souvenir of the place, I asked an Irish woman if she would allow me to stand on her cart to be photographed. Accompanying the request with proper backing she most graciously consented, but when I attempted to mount the cart her husband who was near rushed up thinking that I would either break down the cart or upset it, and had it not been for Bridget the favor would have been denied. However, he asked to be in the picture and afterwards followed me a couple of blocks to request that I would send him one when I returned home. Unfortunately my young friend did not understand the camera, the film turned out to be a perfect blank.

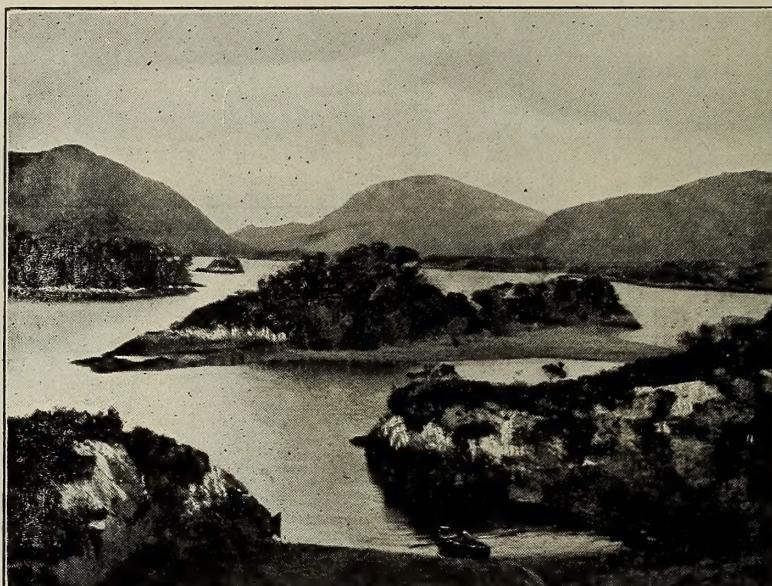
I talked with several Irishmen about their pigs and found them very friendly and courteous, but a member of our party had quite a different experience.

Pat is exceedingly sensitive, and however poor is proud spirited, and I presume that this visitor must have shown either by

look or word or gesture that he did not sympathize with him in the way he was making a living. He didn't go far before he was stopped by a burly Irishman who wished to know if he wanted a fight, and he thought it prudent to beat a hasty retreat.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral and Bishop's Palace, are imposing buildings standing out in marked contrast to the thatched roofed cottages in

Cuthbert, the day spent in visiting the lakes was brimful of interest and enjoyment, and will always be cherished as one of the rare treats of a lifetime. To give each member of the party the benefit of the trip both by land and by water, to the head of the lakes, a distance of about fifteen miles, it was arranged that half of the party should go up by boats and return by carriages, and that the other half should



HEAVEN'S REFLEX, KILLARNEY.

close proximity. I spent about half an hour in the cathedral and saw both men and women going to the confessional and afterwards offering their prayers in succession before the images of saints arranged along the sides of the building. Adjoining the town is the mansion of the Earl of Kenmare. A small fee is charged for admission to the grounds. The chief interest in Killarney to tourists must always centre in its beautiful lakes, studded with numerous islands, and surrounded by the most rugged and picturesque mountain scenery in Ireland. Thanks to the favorable weather and the admirable management of Mr. and Mrs.

reverse the order of procedure. I chose the former, which began with a carriage drive of a mile and a half to the landing place of the lower lake. Here we found row boats ready to receive us. Some were manned by two rowers and intended to carry four passengers, others by four rowers for eight passengers. The group that I was with chose the larger boat, and in this we were particularly fortunate, as our boat proved to be the fastest on the lake, and the captain of our crew the finest singer. To hear him sing that grand old song, Killarney, with its "Emerald Isles and winding bays" a-

round us, was an experience never to be forgotten.

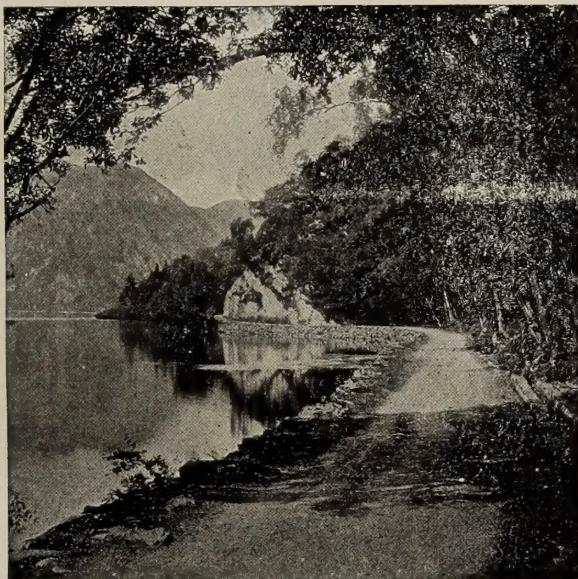
By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Emerald Isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells,
Mem'ry ever fondly dwells.
Beauteous nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders everywhere,
Footprints leaves on many strands
But her home is surely there.
Angels fold their wings and rest
In that Eden of the West,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Heaven's reflex, Killarney.
No place else can charm the eye

benefit the singer lined the first stanza and the chorus, and when he came to the final chorus all joined in and made the mountains echo with the volume of our music.

There is a pretty spot in Ireland
Which I love to call my land,
Where the fairies and the blarney
Sure will never, never die.
'Tis the land of the shillelah
And my heart goes back their daily
To the girl I left behind me
When we kissed and said good bye.

Chorus.

Where the dear old Shannon's flowing,



THE DRIVE HOME FROM UPPER KILLARNEY LAKE.

With such bright and varied tints,
Every rock that you pass by
Verdure broiders or besprints
Virgin there the green grass grows,
Every morn springs natal day,
Bright hued berries daff the snows
Smiling winter's frown away.
Angels often passing there
Doubt if Eden were more fair,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Heaven's reflex, Killarney.

Another song that was greatly enjoyed was "My Little Irish Rose." For our

And the three-leaved shamrock's growing,
Where my heart is I am going
To my little Irish rose.
And the moment that I'll meet her
With a hug and kiss I'll greet her,
For there is not a colleen sweeter
Where the river Shannon flows.

Many were the ridiculous stories and legends related of the places of interest to be seen along the lakes. For instance we were shown the Devil's Punch Bowl, and it was alleged that a

great diver in attempting to fathom it never appeared again. Some weeks afterwards a cablegram was received from Australia saying that he **was** safe on the other side of the world and needed his clothes..

The highest mountain in Ireland was also pointed out, and to impress upon our minds its great altitude, it was stated that had it been any higher it would have been necessary to take the top off to let the moon pass by. Stories were told of the O'Donoghues who

show the echo. He concluded by saying "We are all very glad to have so many visitors with us to-day and we know that they will 'trate' us well before they 'lave' us." At the head of the third and last lake the whole party picnicked in a beautiful spot once used by Queen Victoria for the same purpose, and as the sandwiches and cake and lemonade and fruit were passed around, I was reminded of some of our College experiences at Corbett's Point.



A SMALL GROUP WITH DR. HARE ON THE SHORE OF THE UPPER LAKE WHERE PARTY PICNICKED.

once occupied Ross Castle, now in ruins, also Muckross Abbey, etc.

The best stroke of business during the day was done when we neared a lofty pyramidal rock known as Eagle's Nest, famous for its echo. All the boats drew up in front of this rock when an Irishman with a strong voice began to laugh and talk and sing to

For the benefit of our College friends who may be thinking of taking a trip to the British Isles or to Europe, I would strongly recommend their joining the Cuthbert party that expect to leave Montreal by Royal Edward June 25th, 1913.

(To be continued.)

Some April Arrivals and their Songs.

The day the contest between the sun and the frost is fairly started, sugar weather begins and the blue bird arrives, "shifting his light load of song from post to post, along the cheerless fence." At first he seems like a wandering voice; one hears his soft plaintive warble and looks in vain for glimpse of his beautiful feathers with "colors of the wistful sky and the tender soil." Some one has called this first note of his in early spring a "violet of sound" as welcome to the ear, above the cold, damp earth, as its floral type to the eye later. As the weather grows these birds multiply in numbers, and flitting about from post to post or tree to tree call and warble most confidently and gaily. As the season advances they drift into the background and settle down quietly to housekeeping.

Not long after the blue bird comes the robin. He is easily the most important arrival of the season. With his first utterance the spell of winter is broken, and the remembrance of its cold and storms afar off. You hear him piping in the meadow, in the pasture, in the orchard, on the hill side and in the woods. His voice clear and strong in every morning chorus, tenderly subdued at twilight, soft, mellow, and coaxing to his mate, sharp and shrill when giving his cry of alarm is familiar to us all. No mateer how noisy he may be in the morning chorus, when he comes to take our raspberries and cherries he will muffle his voice to a faint little note, trying to make us believe that he is really in our neighbor's garden or quite at the other end of our own.

Another favorite, which arrives about the same time as the robin, is the flicker, or highholes or golden winged woodpecker. He announces his arrival by a long, loud call not unlike the call of the robin, only that it is louder and longer drawn out. Solomon

in his description of spring said, "And the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." A description of spring in our land should end in like manner "And the voice of the robin and the flicker comes up from the wood."

The bird note which dominates all others in the month of April is that of the meadow lark. One need not go to the woods, nor in fact away from one's own door-step to hear it. It is a little too sharp when near at hand; "Spring o' the year;" "Spring o' the year," he calls repeatedly. Once in a little more intricate singing, but not very successfully. A clear, strong, while he indulges in an attempt at a high keyed note, uttered from a knoll, or rocks, or the fence and rarely from the low limb of the tree is his usual and proper vocal performance. Jean Blewett has perfectly described the meadow lark in the following little poem.

"Spring o' the year ! Spring o' the year !"

Was there ever a song so gay
As the song the meadow lark sang to
me,

When we met in the field to-day.
"Spring o' the year ! Spring o' the
year !"

Isn't it blue, the sky above ?
Watch 'em, watch 'em, those mates of
mine
Building their nests and making
love.

"Spring o' the year ! Spring o' the
year !"

Ho ! I sing it morning and night.
Never were meadows quite so green,
Never were posies quite so bright.
"Spring o' the year ! Spring o' the
year !"

Out rings his carol sweet and shrill.
Its gladness finds a way to your
heart—
With its gurgle and laugh and
thrill."

The Song Sparrow is another early April arrival. This little fellow probably displays more individuality in his song than any other. It is quite like the song of our tame canaries. There is scarcely an hour in the twenty-four that he may not be heard; in the darkness of midnight, just before dawn, when his voice is the first to re-

spond to that of the robin; in the cool of the morning, in the heart of noon, in the husl of evening—always the same simple, homely melody that we have all learned to love. He generally chooses a conspicuous perch on a bush or tree to deliver his song.

FLEDA M. STEPHENS.

Choosing the May Queen.

The month of May will soon be here, and all our thoughts are turned to the choice of our May Queen. An address will be given on the "Ideal Woman," and therefore it is not necessary for me to say anything that is likely to be repeated on that day.

Every girl has or ought to have an Ideal, and in selecting our Queen two things at least should be remembered. First, long ago in England this month was dedicated to the service of the Mother of our Blessed Lord. (The custom still exists in Catholic countries.) Whatever exaggerated ideas arose from this custom, Mary must have possessed a marked purity and womanliness, combined probably with natural beauty which is nothing unless it be enhanced by spiritual and mental graces.

In choosing my queen let me feel a real sisterly affection. A real admiration which will make me try to imitate her strivings after something truly grand and noble. If our ideal woman should happen to belong to some other land, say United States, should it make any difference. True it is an English custom, but remember it is a product of early Christianity, and if a girl belonging to another country should prove the most faithfully devoted to duty, the most sympathetic, the most tolerant, the most ready to share in work or play, yet I do not select her on the ground that she is an American or something else. I am untrue to my country's principles also to myself, and what is more, to God.

BELLE ELLIOTT.

Vox Collegii

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Contents

A Continuation of Dr. Hare's Trip to the British Isles	1
Some April Arrivals and Their Songs	5
Choosing the May Queen	6
Editorial	7
Y. W. C. A.	9
Trafalgar Daughters	11
Oratory	12
Music	13
Art	15
May Court Club	16
Household Science	17
Commercial	18
Athletics	18
Fireside Notes	19
The Joker	21

To the Faculty, Students and Friends of Ontario Ladies' College this number of Vox Collegii is respectfully dedicated.

Editorial.

Preparations have been begun for May day in the nature of folk games.

Other papers all remind us
We can make our own sublime
If our fellow schoolmates send us
Contributions all the time.—Ex.

On Wednesday afternoon, April 16, there will be a swimming competition consisting of novelty races. Great interest has been aroused among all the members of the swimming classes.

Mr. and Mrs. McCormick, of London, Ont., visited the College on April 9, and were so favorably impressed with it that they have engaged a room for their daughter for next year.

We are pleased to publish an article in this issue by Mrs. Stephens, a former teacher in O.L.C. We are truly grateful for such contributions and hope our ex-teachers and students will help the Vox in this way.

We might suggest here that any of our readers planning to attend O.L.C. next year and have not sent in their application for a room, had better do so soon, as a number of rooms have been assigned for next year already.

Versatile and entertaining was the concert in College avenue Methodist church last evening in aid of Miss Belle Elliott, the blind entertainer, who is making such a plucky endeavor to obtain a college education. Humor and pathos gave place to each other in the long program over which the pastor, Rev. G. W. Barker, presided. And not the least of the pathos was that of the sweet face and timid bearing of the blind girl, dependent on another to guide her footsteps. Her voice too, a mezzo-soprano, though not very strong, was yet possessed of a clear, plaintive sweetness of tone that made her vocal numbers, especially "Daddy" a pleasure to listen to. The expression and control in her vocal work were also good. Miss Elliott was likewise well received in her readings, which were of a humorous line.

Miss Drinkwater, of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, with her well-trained and splendidly controlled clear soprano voice, and fine style, was an-

VOX COLLEGII

other welcome contributor to the entertainment with her solos.

Miss Alice Butler, to whom the laurel for the promotion, and in a large measure, the success of the affair, is due, demonstrated that she had studied elocution not in vain. Her interpretation of "The Spinner in the Sun," drew forth well merited applause, while "The Child," as an encore, was equally good.

At the conclusion of her first number she was presented with an armful of Richmond Roses, which she acknowledged in a graceful manner.

Miss Laura Cullen, a former graduate of O.L.C., rendered a violin solo in an artistic manner, her tones being particularly sweet and clear.

The salvo of applause which greeted the Misses Schlimme duet and Mrs. Killing's organ solo attested clearly to the merit of their performances and their popularity with the audience. Mrs. Killing acted as accompanist for the evening.

The fact that about \$80 was cleared will give an idea as to the decided success of the concert. The following is

the program

Chairman's address, Rev. G.W. Barker.

Solo, "The Rosary," Miss Belle Elliott.

Reading, "The Spinner in the Sun," Miss Alice Butler.

Reading, "Where Ignorance is Bliss" Miss Belle Elliott.

Solo, "Angel Land," Miss Ethel Drinkwater.

Solo, "Daddy," Miss Belle Elliott.

Duet, "Where Fairies Dwell," the Misses Clara and Mabel Schlimme.

Reading, "Swan's Song," Miss Belle Elliott.

Violin solo, selected, Miss Laura Cullen.

Organ solo, selected, Mrs. W. Killing.

Solo, "Ave Marie," Miss Ethel Drinkwater.

Reading, cutting of "Bird's Christmas Carol," Miss Belle Elliott. In this the reader demonstrated reading from raised type.

The program concluded with the singing of God Save the King.—Woodstock Sentinel Review.

Y. W. C. A. —

INTERCESSION.

Intercession is earnestly requested on behalf of the Fifth Summer Conference held under the auspices of the Dominion Council of the Young Women's Christian Associations of Canada at the Elgin House, Lake Joseph, Muskoka, June 20 to 30, 1913.

Remembering that the purpose of the Conference is first, to lead young women to a fuller knowledge, and a more faithful service of Jesus Christ, and second, to consider the best methods by which the Association may accomplish this end, will you pray?

That the City and College Associations may be largely represented, and that each may contribute to the spirit and thought of the Conference.

That those who have special responsibility for the Conference may have spiritual wisdom and understanding, and may be given strength for all service.

That through this Conference delegates may discover the meaning of discipleship, and be enabled more clearly to know and more faithfully to do God's will for the young women of Canada and for those of non-Christian lands.

That the Holy Spirit may use this Conference to hasten the evangelization of the world in this generation. "That in all things Jesus Christ may have the pre-eminence."

The meetings of our Y.W.C.A. have been very interesting and the attendance has been good. During the month we had the pleasure of hearing Rev. Mr. McLean, of Whitby. His talk to us was very much appreciated.

At a meeting April 6th, Miss Constance Kilborn read parts of letters

received from her father, Dr. O.L. Kilborn, Chengtu, China, about the time of the Chinese Revolution. Cora and Constance sang a Chinese Hymn, which was a very unique part of the afternoon's service.

Miss Myrtle Fawcett read a splendid paper on "Life's Duties, and How to Meet Them." "The Importance to Little Things," was taken by Laura Nixon. Mae Rutherford read an essay on "Our Lord's Teachings About Service."

THE MEANING OF OPPORTUNITIES

If people's first thoughts were but as good and wise as their after-thoughts, life would be better and more beautiful than it is. We can all see our errors more clearly after we have committed them than we saw them before. We very often hear persons utter the wish that they could go again over a certain period of their life, saying that they should live it differently, that they would not repeat the mistakes which had so marred and stained the record they had made.

We live poorly enough at the best, and many of us make sad work of our life. Human life must appear very pathetic, and oftentimes tragical, as the angels look down upon it.

About two centuries ago a great sun dial was erected in All Soul's College, Oxford, England, the largest and noblest dial, it is said, in the kingdom. Over the long pointer were written, in large letters of gold, the Latin words. "Pereunt et imputantur." Literally translated "They perish and are set down to our account"; or "They are Wasted and are added to our debt."

It is said that these words on the

dial have exerted a wonderful influence on the boyhood of many of our distinguished men, who have received their training at Oxford, stimulating them to the most conscientious use of the golden hours as they passed, and bearing fruit in long lives of earnestness and faithfulness. In youth the hours are full of privileges.

On the dial of a clock in the palace of Napoleon at Malmaison, the maker has put the words "Non Nescit reverti"; "It does not know how to go backward." It is so with the great clock of time. It never can be turned backward. The moments come to us but once; whatever we do with them we must do as they pass, for they will never come to us again.

Then privilege brings responsibility. We shall have to give account to God for all that he sends to us by the mystic hands of the passing hours, and which we refuse or neglect to receive.

"They are wasted and are added to our debt."

The real problem of living, therefore, is how to take what the hours bring. The difference in us is not in the opportunities that come to us, but in the use of our opportunities. We look at one who is continually doing good and beautiful things, or great and noble things, and think she is especially favored. Really, however, it is the seeing and accepting what the hours bring of duty and privilege where the success lies.

There is a legend of an artist, who long sought for a piece of sandal-wood out of which to carve a

Madonna. At last, he was about to give up in despair, leaving the vision of his life unrealized, when in a dream he was bidden to shape the figure from a block of oak-wood, which was destined for the fire. Obeying the command he produced from the log of common fire wood a masterpiece.

In like manner many people wait for great and brilliant opportunities for doing good and beautiful things of which they dream, while through the plain common days, the very opportunities they require lie close to them, in the simplest and most familiar passing events.

Opportunities come to all. The days of every life are full of them. We do not make anything out of them while we have them. The next moment they are gone.

In closing I would quote Faber:—
"The surest method of arriving at a knowledge of God's eternal purposes about us, is to be found in the right use of the present moment. Each hour comes with some little fagot of God's will, fastened upon its back."
"To-day unsullied comes to thee—

newborn,

Tomorrow is not thine;
The sun may cease to shine
For thee, ere earth shall greet its
morn.

"Be earnest, then, in thought and deed
Nor fear approaching night;
Calm comes with evening light,
And hope and peace. Thy duty 'heed
today.' "

—Ruskin.

FLORENCE OBERHOLTZER.

Trafalgar Daughters

The former students of the College six years ago in June organized a Society known as the Trafalgar Daughters. Their aim was to keep in touch with their Alma Mater; to become better acquainted with each other, and in some manner benefit young womanhood. With this in view we are trying to get a sum of money to be loaned or given to help some needy and ambitious pupil through College, and by yearly fees, life membership fees, concerts, etc., we have already on hand over four hundred dollars. The yearly fee is fifty cents and life membership ten dollars.

Ottawa Chapter has given us generous support, also Toronto, the yearly luncheon in the latter city being looked forward to with pleasure. Both Chapters have already donated towards the Scholarship fund.

We know you are interested, and we take this method of giving you an opportunity to help, either by sending your fee or any contribution you wish.

All the Daughters of the College, whether members or not, are cordially invited to attend the re-union during the June closing.

The Whitby Chapter regrets its loss in the removal of Mrs. Gold to Toronto, but we hope to have the pleasure of meeting her from time to time in the Toronto Chapter.

Mrs. W. E. Morgan, formerly Miss Emma Hare, received for the first time since her marriage, on Thursday, April 3, afternoon and evening. She was assisted by her mother, Mrs. S. W. Hare. The rooms were prettily decorated with pink carnations and ferns. Mrs. Jarvis and Mrs. Hutchings poured tea and Mrs. McAmmond

poured coffee. Mrs. F. D. Burkholder cut the ices. They were assisted by Mrs. Will Davey, Mrs. Harry Hare and Miss Eva Davis, O.L.C. was well represented, as Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. McAmmond, Mrs. Burkholder, Mrs. Davey and Mrs. Morgan were all students at O.L.C., which we all consider the best College in the Dominion.

A social meeting of the Whitby Chapter of Trafalgar Daughters was held in the College drawing room on the evening of April 7. There was a good attendance at this meeting. During the evening the Trafalgar Daughters spent a little time in the splendid gymnasium. Although not attired for physical culture, they made heroic attempts at "rings" and "the horse."

The annual luncheon of the Toronto Chapter of Trafalgar Daughters is to be held in the Waverley Hotel, Spadina ave., Tuesday, April 15.

At the general meeting of the Toronto Chapter of Trafalgar Daughters held in March, at the home of Mrs. O'Sullivan, the death of Mrs. A.E. Shaw was spoken of, and much regret was expressed by the ladies present.

Mrs. Shaw, who was Miss May Dobson, had been in good health practically till the very last, and it was a most unexpected thing for her as well as her people to know that her time had come. It may be said that no hero ever accepted the inevitable in braver manner than did she. Unselfishly she thought of her loved ones. Sending for them, she said: "Now this must be just a little tea-party and you won't mind if I don't talk, will you?" and closing her eyes—presently she was gone. It was suggested, at this meeting, that it was nothing to play

the game when things go well, or even comparatively well, but it is when we are faced with the Inevitable that the possibility for heroism creeps in, and in thinking of the manner of Mrs. Shaw's death, these lines of Tenny-

son's comes to mind :

"Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for ME
And may there be no moaning at
the bar
When I put out to sea.



Oratory



SENIOR ELOCUTION.

The Senior Elocution Class enjoyed their extended holiday very much, and are now deeply interested in studying the "Perfective hours." These books come in four volumes, just the same as the Evolutions. It really is intensely interesting to trace out the different steps, both in the Evolutions of Expression and the Perfective Laws. Just as a sculptor would chisel out his image, or an artist paint his picture, so these different steps in expression gradually and naturally lead to the ideal.

Then, much time is devoted to our Shakespearian plays. We have put "Hamlet" away for a time, and are studying "Romeo and Juliet."

The theory examination on Emerson Physical culture is over and the practical part now begins. It really seems very easy, but when you stand before a class of girls that knows as much or probably more than you do about it, it is an entirely different matter. "Moonlight Bay" seems to be a favorite for the Senior Class to practice with, and while going through the exercises some of the girls insist upon singing "Moonlight Bay" instead of using the straight counts one, two, three, four, and it really seems as if some of us would become noted sing-

ers in the future, rather than physical culture teachers. We will tell you how much the Juniors enjoyed our teaching in the next Vox.

JUNIOR ELOCUTION.

The class has begun the study of the last volume, of Evolution of Expression, which deals with ellipse, magnanimity of atmosphere, the creative and obedience.

We are beginning to wonder if Lady Macbeth is ever going to commit that deed. As yet, she is quite mild.

Miss O'Brien—"What is the meaning of ellipse, Canada?"

Canada—"I can't understand the relation between eclipse and elocution.

Miss O'Brien—"Why it's simple, Canada, if you have studied your work."

Now I'll start you on it—a space filled with?—

Canada—Darkness.

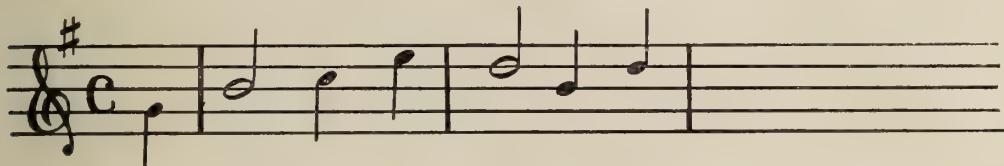
Miss O'Brien has invented an entirely new, quick and inexpensive method of heating, which, if the school adopted, Jim might turn the heat off in the radiators immediately. Recently the Junior elocution girls entered the chapel for their five o'clock class, only to find that room at a temperature somewhere near freezing point; but by the adoption of this new method, within five minutes the room was

comfortable. The directors might be wise to consult Miss O'Brien on this matter at once and have a large and extensive plant installed in the College, as it would pay for itself in a

very short time. For general information apply to the Junior Elocution girls, for particulars to Miss O'Brien.

A timely warning to the class—"Beware the Ides of June !

Music



The soul that becomes discouraged in the presence of real greatness will never become thoroughly artistic. — Mendelssohn.

YOUNG TORONTO VIOLINIST MAKING BRILLIANT PROGRESS IN RUSSIA.

From St. Petersburg, Russia, comes news which will be welcome to all those interested in the success of Miss Julia O'Sullivan, the young Toronto violiniste, who, under the maestroship of Professor Auer, teacher of Kathleen Parlow and Mischa Elman, is preparing herself for a career as a concert virtuosa. In a recent letter, Dr. A.S. Vogt assures Miss O'Sullivan's family and friends that the future Canadian Virtuosa is "arriving" fast. He writes: We had the great pleasure of meeting Miss O'Sullivan during our stay in St. Petersburg. She is well, happy and thoroughly alive to her rare opportunities in the Russian Capital. She is working hard and is not dismayed at the high standing of the other Auer pupils who have been with the Maestro many years, and she is making the very best progress with her teacher. "She need give no concern—her self-reliance and good sense being equal to any situation." It was thought that Miss O'Sullivan would

have to spend four years abroad in study with her great teacher. But the Maestro seems to have already another opinion, and that the period will be cut in half. "In two years," he said to her after a recent lesson, "you will play beautifully enough to make your engagements for a professional concert debut." The professor frequently remarks on Miss O'Sullivan's adroit bowing; and all his other pupils admire her fine violin. And so at the end of two years Toronto will probably have the opportunity of hearing another Irish-Canadian Virtuosa violinist, say, as soloist with the symphony Orchestra. Mo Colleen flaituabach dhia agat!

Probably more failures are due in music to efforts to get results too quickly than to any other cause. Both teachers and students, who are anxious for rapid success, would do well to realize the full meaning of Wordsworth's lines:

But who would force the soul tilts
with a straw

Against a champion cased in adamant.

An evening recital was given by the Senior Musical Club on Wednesday evening, March 5. Mr. G.D. Atkinson, the Honorary President of the Club, gave an interesting talk on "Personal

anecdotes on present-day musicians."

The following was the program:

"In a Swing," "Mighty lak a Rose" (Nevin), Miss Irene West.

"Valse Poltique," (Friml), Miss Constance Kilborn.

"La Chasse," (Heller), Miss Clela Heath.

"Etude in D flat," (Liszt), Mrs. Homuth.

Talk, Mr. G.D. Atkinson.

Of all the arts, music seems to be the one which breeds the hardest critics. There are thousands of people in the world who base their confidence in their own musical knowledge on the quickness with which they are able to detect a wrong note. Not apparently realising that this merely signifies a very rudimentary species of ear-training. Yet they will often condemn an excellent musician on the strength of this tiny capacity. "I thank God," said Webster, "that if I am gifted with little of the spirit that is able to raise mortals to the skies. I have none as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down." — Etude.

Miss Isabella Elliott, of Elklow, Manitoba, a resident student of the College, gave a recital on the evening of March 18th, in the concert hall, to which the students and faculty were invited. Miss Elliott is a Senior student in elocution and vocal, and is also studying instrumental, and she gave a varied program as follows:

Piano solo—"Bluette" valse (Dewernoy),

Reading—"Mrs. Harrigan on Neighborliness."

Vocal—(a) "Killarney"; (b) "The Minstrel Boy."

Reading—"Owld Doctor Magin."

Vocal—(a) "Oft in the Stilly Night" (b) "An Irish Love Song."

Reading—"Emmet's Speech Before His Execution."

Vocal—"The Harp that once through Tara's Hall."

Piano solo—"Chanson Lirste," (Tschaikoovsky.)

On the same evening the Senior Musical Club was "At Home" to the teachers of the music department and members of the Club from 8.30 until 10 o'clock. The guests were received by the members of the executive at the entrance to the drawing-room where a social hour was spent. They then proceeded to the chapel where a dainty supper was served, covers being laid for thirty. The table decorations were carried out in Easter colors: yellow, green and white.

Miss A. Christian held a private recital for her pupils in the drawing-room on the evening of April 10th.

Program.

"Merry Kate," (Robert Eilenberg), Miss Muriel Cook.

"Water Lilies," (Chas. Cadman), Miss Salome Schinbein.

"Swaying Ferns," (Quigley), Miss Evelyn Cook.

"Minuet," (F. Borowski), Miss Ethel Blew.

"Bluette" valse, (Duvernoy), Miss Isabella Elliott.

"Valse Coquette" (Berwald), Miss Muriel Cook.

"Les Adiux" (Francis Thorne), Miss Ethel Blew.

"When Daisies Sleep," (Kussner) Miss Evelyn Cook.

"Chanson Lirste," (Tschaikoovsky), Miss Isabelle Elliott.

"Danse Moderne" (Chas. Denmee), Miss Ethel Blew.

"Duet La Grace," (Bohm), Misses Muriel and Evelyn Cook.

Probably more people fail to achieve anything worth while in music from wasting time in indefinite "rambling" from one form of study to another than ever fail from lack of opportunity to succeed. The world is full of pianists who cannot play the piano, singers who cannot sing, and violinists whose efforts reminds one of the

wailing of a lost soul. The reason of this is more often desultory, careless practice and lack of "backbone" in study than bad teaching or personal deficiencies. Remember the words of Marcus Aurelius "Find time to be learning somewhat good, and give up being desultory."

The Senior Musical Club held a recital on Friday afternoon, March 14, The following was the program.

"Air de Ballet," (Chaminade), Miss Greta Williams.

"Valse Chromatique," (Godard), Miss Eva Hill.

"The Brook's Lullaby," (Gilder), Miss Irene West.

"La Cascade," (Pauer), Miss Ethelwyn Jones.

"Girgue," (Chaminade), Miss Dorothy Rowland.

"A La Bieu Aimie," (Schutt), Miss Aurelia Meath.

Art

We have not known before of French birds flying over to this country, but one has certainly found its way over from Paris with news of Miss McGillivray, the former teacher of this department. Not only has she been made President of the International Art Students' League, but has had a painting exhibited in the Salon. It seems a great number of pictures are submitted for this honor but only a few are chosen, so we'll send the little French bird home again laden with heartiest congratulations.

"THE FRESHIE IN THE ART ROOM."

Wrapped in an apron huge and new
Of polka dotted navy blue,
Expectant eyed, the freshie stands,
Her sticks of charcoal in her hands.

(Her troubles have begun.)
And starting on Apollo's face
She learns to measure, space for space,
To steady the extended hand must try
And scan the model with one eye.

While closed the other one.

She views Apollo's locks with awe,

And thinks that they'll be hard to draw,
But starts with conscientious care
To do each ringlet, hair for hair.
The teacher comes along.
And "Too much detail work!" she cries,
"Look at the cast with half closed eyes,
You haven't the idea yet;
Now first of all your masses get—
The other way is wrong."

So upward climbing does she start
To learn the mysteries of art.
And, as each day more skill she gains
Artistic feeling "she attains."

She is progressing fast.
But soon the time will come when she
A freshie will no longer be,
Will smile serene when draweth near,
The freshie of another year,
And think of troubles past.

"TO THE CASTS IN THE ART ROOM."

"O gods and goddesses, a company
That seem to look at me in cold disdain,

Your ears of plaster-paris cannot hear
And yet to sing of you can I re-
frain?"

"Alas ! How different from the tales
of old
To find you thus suspended from the
wall
By means of common hooks, prosaic
cord !
And still you keep your dignity
withal."

"I see, thee ; fair Diana, cold and
proud,
With scornful curling lips that show
a heart
As hard, O huntress, as the flinty
stone,
Ah ! Beautiful and horrible thou
art !"

"And thou, Apollo, of majestic brow,

And face as fair as woman's weli
could be,
Thou didst arrange thy hair in such a
way,
The 'Seven Sisters' ought to learn
of thee."

"Vitellius, thou very human one,
'Tis plain on too much roasted pea-
cock fed,
How comest thou in such a comely
crowd
To show thy fat and mirth provok-
ing head?"

"Ah, yes ! We may with accents rude-
ly rhymed
Address you, but if now your eyes
could see
The portraits that we students make
of you,
I wonder, what would your emotions
be ?"

May Court Club

The May Court Club was especially favored on Saturday evening, March 8th, in being afforded the opportunity of having Mrs. Cooper, of Toronto, attend the fortnightly meetings and gave a very interesting and instructive talk on English Art.

She spoke briefly of several of the most important galleries in England, beginning with one in Bristol, and mentioned some of the famous artists who had contributed to the wonderful collection there. Several of the pictures belonging to the permanent collection have been on display at the Toronto Exhibition.

She spoke of the famous Wallace collection. Some of these pictures were given by the Marquis of Hartford. They are examples of the eighteenth century, and are well arranged and so furnish a good opportunity to study the different schools of paintings. The reproductions were most interesting, namely, "The Laughing Cavalier," "Nellie O'Brien," "The

Swing," "Soldiers Gambling," etc.

In conclusion Mrs. Cooper drew our attention to some of the beautiful pictures in the Tate Gallery. One that was very interesting was a reproduction of Watt's "Hope." Others were : "Mammon," "The Young Ruler," and the "Dweller in the Innermost."

Although the pictures were only reproductions, we have a much clearer and better idea of some of the most famous English Art Galleries and their possessions.

After the lecture, the faculty and executive of the May Court Club tendered Mrs. Cooper a reception in the drawing room.

The members of the May Court Club spent a very pleasant and profitable hour in the concert hall on Saturday evening, March 15th, when Miss Taylor took us on an imaginary trip through some of the most interesting parts of England by means of a microscope and picture post cards.

FLORENCE PERCIVAL.



THE ANCIENT APPRECIATION OF COOKS. THE IMPORTANCE OF FOOD IN THE HOME.

"We may live without friends, we may live without books, but civilized man cannot live without cooks."

The realization of the importance of the cook has not been of recent growth. In the luxurious ages of Grecian antiquity, Sicilian cooks were the most esteemed and received high rewards for their services. Among them one called Trinalcia was such an adept in his art that he could impart to common fish broth the form and the flavor of the rarest of the finny tribe. A chief cook in the palmy days of Roman extravagance had the princely salary of £800 a year, and Antony rewarded the one who cooked the supper which pleased Cleopatra with the gift of a city. While the home dietician will never count her golden sovereigns nor a city as a reward for careful cooking, she may, like the Roman matron, point proudly to her children, as they stand before her vigorous, alert and fit, and say.

"These are my jewels, my reward for the hours of study and toil."

Many hours each week are spent in the selection, preparation and serving of the food for the family. If this part of the homemaker's work is done in a heedless fashion, it becomes a drudgery of the worst Rudd. But when the housekeeper becomes alive and aware of the truth, that through such labor she becomes one of the most necessary and important members of the great commonwealth; that through her kitchen laboratory she is in some degree providing for and conserving the brain and muscle of the nation; that in no small degree can one scarcely impute in how great a measure she is determining the future of our country, she turns to her toil with fresh vigor and enthusiasm. Her work becomes a calling, a profession, demanding the highest intelligence, and the most careful study, and what had been a drudgery becomes a delight. She is no longer an isolated individual pressed down by petty selfish cares, but one of the great band of nation builders, building up the walls of the new city; and to the call of the

irritating, nagging self thoughts or trivial demands, she may well reply:

"I am doing a great work and I cannot come down. Why should the work cease while I leave it and come down to you?"

The decrease in the sick list has become very noticeable since the Seniors in D.S. have started "Invalid Cookery." It seems a shame to waste those "appetizing delicacies."

An awful blow came to the Senior D.S. girls during the past month, when they started "Dietetics." Nor has the worst yet come for we hear distant murmurings of coming "Meals."

"Why should scalp bandaging in Home Nursing be useful in D. S. kitchen?"

Because its rough on rats!"

The Junior D. S. girls hope that when the Seniors complete their course in Normal Methods and commence teaching, they will go by "The Rules."

N.C.—Biting H. B's wrist which was reclining on her shoulder.

H. B.—"Ouch!"

N.C.—"I just have to look at Helen with my teeth and she yells!"

H. B.—"I wasn't aware that you could see with your teeth."

N. C.—"Well, I have eye teeth!"

Commercial

We are glad to welcome four more girls to our Commercial Department; Miss Mabel Balsdon, Whitby, Ont.; Miss Gretchen Klink; Miss Bessie Clark, Castlemore, Ont.; Miss Jessie Cassidy, Fergus, Ont.; Miss Cassidy has come to the College quite recently, and we wish her every success in this study. This is a two years' course, but she is going to try to graduate next year, thus having only a year and three months to complete her work.

A great many people do not give commercial work due credit in their thoughts. They may sometimes ask "What work does she take?" Perhaps

if the answer is "Commercial" they shrug their shoulders and wear a little superior look. If they would only stop for a moment and consider the importance of the knowledge of commercial duties, they would perhaps change their opinion.

It is frequently thought that if a girl takes this work she is afterwards compelled to take a situation, but this is not the case. A girl may take it because she wishes a wider knowledge of commercial subjects; again she may take it so that if she were thrown on her own resources she could depend on herself.

Athletics

BASKETBALL.

Since Easter the girls have been taking great interest in basketball. Some very good games have been played by the various teams. The first

game was played Saturday evening, April 4, 1913. The game was quite fast and the combination good. One team was captained by Marie Shaw and the other by Edna Muir.

Marie Shaw played a good game and

is especially good at baskets. Marie certainly does not go to sleep on the job.

Gertrude Relyea has shown marked improvement since her last appearance before the public, but she still needs practice.

The centre, Hope Wilkinson, is a hard worker, and has had some merry battles with the opposing centre.

Jean Hodge and Catherine Breithaupt are known as stickers and have a pretty combination all their own.

On the other team, the Captain, Edna Muir, also played a good game, and captained her team well. When she and her team-mate, Constance Kilborn, start their combination, there is no stopping them.

The centre, Vera Giberson, is a very able player, and is showing good form lately. The guards, Cora Kilborn and Marguerite Wilson, also played a fine game, but would do better if they

stuck closer to their opposing forwards.

The lineup was as follows:

Forwards.

Marie Shaw. Edna Muir.

Gertrude Relyea, Constance Kilborn.

Centre.

Hope Wilkinson. Vera Giberson.

Guards.

Jean Hodge. Cora Kilborn.

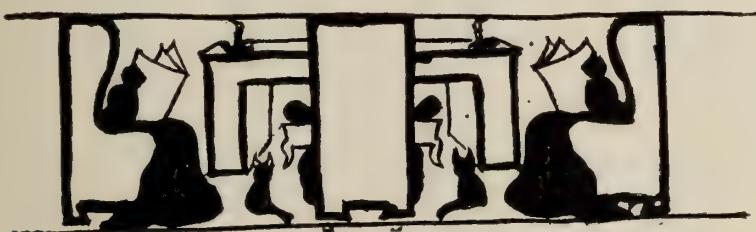
Catherine Breithaupt. M. Wilson

Another game was played Saturday night.

The teams were practically the same but the score was different, the game resulting in a win for Edna Muir's team.

On Tuesday the same teams played again.

Miss Findlay playing on Edna's team demonstrated to the girls what a member of the faculty can do in the line of Basketball.



Fireside Notes

Mrs. Homuth and Miss Marguerite spent a most enjoyable vacation at the home of the former's cousin, Mrs. W. W. Sloane, Toronto.

Jean Hodge and Ethel Drinkwater spent the holiday at the home of Alice Butler in Woodstock. Jean has gained several acquirements from her visit—a nickname (Punk) and also the stumbling habit.

Hazel Greenwood and Rose Smith spent a very pleasant week end at the home of Miss Holliday near O.L.C.

Dot, is it the new responsibility of being a teacher of Latin or the differ-

ent style of dress that has given you the dignified appearance of late?

Birthdays are convenient happenings when they come during study hall session, eh, Dora?

A double celebration, i.e.—in honor of Eulalia Henderson's birthday and Bessie Leeming's departure from O.L.C. took place April 9, in 6 L.M. Cora, Hazel and Salome acted as hostesses. The cheers expressing the satisfaction of the guests were heard on Francis Hall.

Cora McWhirter, of Alberta, spent the Easter vacation with Bessie Leem-

ing, of Hamilton. They had a novel way of travelling from Hamilton to Toronto, but they got there on time. Ask them how they managed.

A delicious feed was given by Corona Garnham and Josie Taylor. Anybody knows now that Jocie has had access to the Domestic Science training kitchen. Corona was sure everyone got enough, too, so that on the whole the feed was a great success.

Velma Hitchcock spent the Easter vacation at her home in Washington, D.C. We hear from her that when she left home the roses were in bloom. At Niagara she was caught by a snow storm.

Belle Elliott was entertained at the home of Alice Butler in Woodstock after her concert, arranged for by Alice.

Miss Irene Jack, of Port Perry, was the guest of her cousin, Miss Amy Christian, for a few days after our Easter vacation.

We are all glad to hear Helen Go forth has stood her operation well, and she is improving rapidly. We have missed you, Helen, and we hope you will soon come back to us again.

Nora Tucker and Florence Oberholzer entertained Feb. 28. Your mother knows what to send to O.L.C. girls, Florence.

Amy Christian, of Lindsay, spent the Easter vacation in Hamilton.

Dora Patrick was entertained at a surprise party in honor of her birthday. You will have to use your own judgment now, Dora.

V. W. has not gone back on her "crush." Even her new Easter bonnet is "cerise."

Dhel Purdy attended her cousin's wedding during the Easter holidays, and played the wedding march.

The many friends who attended Winona's feed, heartily agree that

Winona's mother did not need to be a Domestic Science grad. to know how to cook.

Miss Winona Howell, of Boissevain, Man., spent the Easter holidays in Toronto.

Marion Williams spent the week end in Toronto with her parents, who have just returned from California and other western points.

That Bessie, of U.R., is very patriotic we do not doubt; she is so interested in the Union Jack.

U. R. members were entertained in the room of Clela Heath at a grand chicken feed. We were all satisfied with eats and entertainment. Thank you, Clela.

Eleanor Gardener spent a week end at her former Alma Mater, Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, renewing old acquaintances.

Edna Muir, of Medicine Hat, spent the Easter vacation in Toronto.

Our twins, Evelyn and Muriel Cook, spent their vacation at Brampton.

Leta LeGear has returned from a very jolly vacation among her old old school chums at her home in Lansing, Mich.

Bessie Clark was an important witness to a quiet little wedding in the parsonage at Pickering. Do you think you'd be scared to go through that service yourself, now, Bessie?

We are sorry to hear of Greta William's illness. We expect her back soon to 28 U.F., P.L.C.

Mrs. Sharpe came up from Ottawa to Toronto to see Mabel, and then they spent a few days together in Hamilton, during Easter week.

Bessie, Bell's little protector, certainly means to be safe as far as tasters go.

Several of our girls did enjoy the

bread and butter feed in 9 Main. You girls certainly can entertain well.

Mary Richards, of Washington, spent her Easter holidays at Port Hope. She had a very nice time and liked it so well that she sprained her ankle as an excuse to stay longer.

Why Marion H., are you over here on L. R. again? Crush?

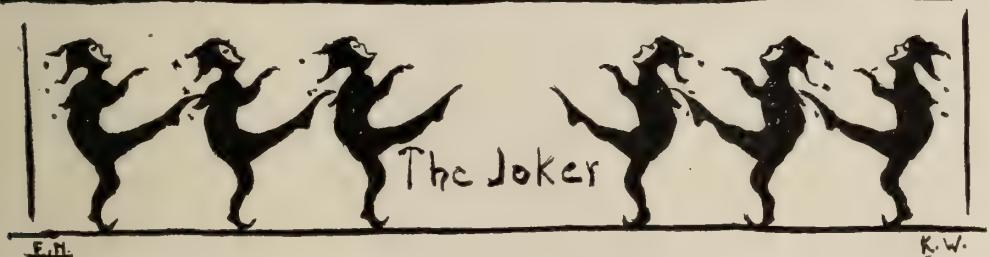
Oh, Belle, you're all fixed up. 'Going to have a vocal lesson?

Ethelwyn Jones, Catherine Chaster,

and Nina Carson, of B.C., spent the Easter holiday at the home of Muriel Freeman, Burlington. Do you still remember, Ethelwyn?

Miss Bessie Leeming wishes to express her thanks to the many girls who so kindly came in and gave their suggestions in response to the sign which decorated her door on Saturday night.

We are sorry to report that Irene McMillan's illness is keeping her at home in bed. We hope she will get better and come back to us soon.



SHAKESPEARIAN BASEBALL.

"I will go root"—Richard III.

"Now you strike like a blind man"—
Much ado about nothing.

"Out, I say"—Macbeth.

"I will be short"—Hamlet.

"Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it"—Love's Labours Lost.

"He knows the game"—Henry VI.

"Oh, hateful error"—Julius Caesar.

"A hit, a hit, a very palpable hit!"
—Hamlet.

"He will steal, sir!"—All's Well
That Ends Well.

"Whom right and Wrong have chosen
as umpire"—Love's Labours Lost.

"Let the World Slide"—The Taming
of the Shrew.

"He has killed a fly"—Titus Andron-
icus.

"The play as I remember pleased
not a million"—Hamlet.

"What an arm he has"—Coriolanus.

"They cannot sit at ease on the ol' bench"—Romeo and Juliet.

"Upon such sacrifices the gods them-
selves throw incense"—King Lear.

But if you stop plugging

The cradle will fall
And down will come Seniors
Diplomas and all.

Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust,
If Latin don't kill us,
Geometry must.

A boy tramped on a nest of bees
And in his ears their buzzing rung
The battle raged 'twixt boy and bees—
We'll leave to you which one got
stung.

A favorite boast—"Here's to our
teachers and parents—may they never
meet."

Freshman (anxiously) — "Are all
Freshmen green?"

Senior—"No, indeed, I saw a lot of
blue ones last report day."

Little drops of water
 Frozen on the walk
 Make the mighty adjectives
 Mix in people's talk.

Peg R.—“Speak louder—I can't hear with my glasses on.”

Deed H.—“Why do the leaves on the trees turn red in the fall?”

Lal. A.—“They're blushing to think how green they have been all summer.”

DIFFICULT TUNTS.

Teacher—“Take the board with your books, and please don't talk at the board.” “I would like to see those pencils out of sight.” “Turn over in your books.”

Student (reading)—“The night wore on—what did it wear?”

The Brilliant One—“Why, the close of the day, you idiot.”

Key note of good breeding—B natural.
 Key note of wisdom—C sharp.
 Key note of stupidity—A flat.
 Key note of shrewdness—B sharp.

E. M. —“Will you be my leaning post?”

D. R.—“No, I'm a post-graduate.”

Why did the spoon-holder?

Because he saw the lemon-squeezer, the salt-shaker, and the potato-masher.

“Reserve your seat on the Ryerson bench before it is too late.”

Anita—(humming tune “I'm the guy.”) “Don't you hate that piece?”

Winona—“I don't know, I don't take choral.

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 a joke,
 If you had handed one in.

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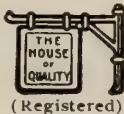
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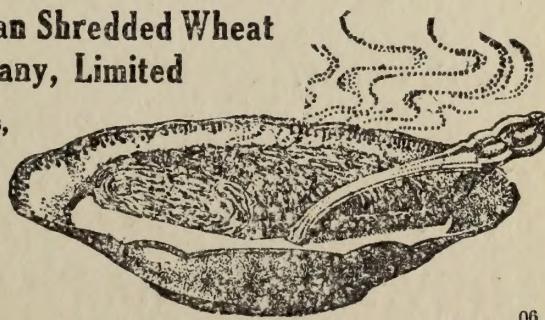
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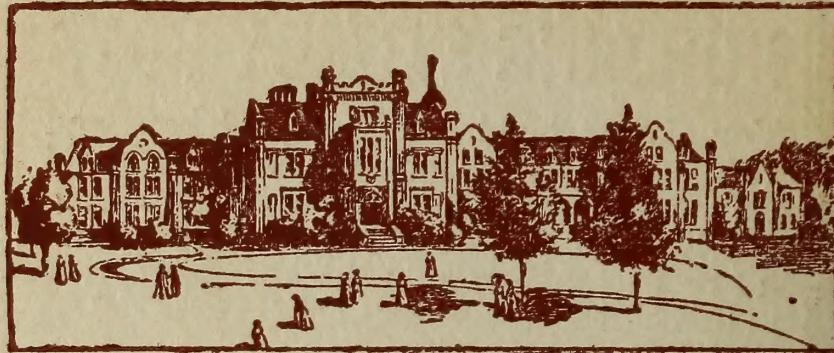
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